

27
13

Meeting accidentally at a *Coffee-House* with a Scandalous Paper, reflecting on two Eminent and Worthy Physicians, Dr. *Morton*. and Dr. *Goodall*; my Curiosity led me to enquire the truth of Fact, believing nothing ill or mean, as that Paper would insinuate, could come from Men of their Rank and Figure: Upon true Information the Story runs thus:

Dr. *Morton* being sent for to a Patient, prescribed the *Jesuites* Bark, as a Remedy he believed would cure the Disease. The Patient refused, alledging it had been often taken by the advice of one *Blackstone* an Apothecary in *Newgate-Market*, (which by the way is more than *Blackstone* dare justify, being punishable for him to give repeated Doses without a Physician;) however Dr. *Morton* modestly told the Patient, he would not answer for *Blackstone's* Practice, or Powder; but if they would please to send to Dr. *Goodall*, who he knew to have a good sort by him, which might be depended upon, he believed Dr. *Goodall*, upon his Note, would supply them with such a proportion as was needful. Accordingly a Note was writ, and Dr. *Goodall* sent two Ounces, at the rate mentioned in the Paper.

But this was purely accidental, without any design of Dr. *Morton* or Dr. *Goodall*, to sell, or get advantage by the Medicine, Dr. *Goodall* taking that Money of the Patient, purely in regard and tenderness to the Apothecary, the most moderate of the Trade taking that or a better Price for the Medicine; for being it was not to a Charitable Patient, he was not obliged to give it *Gratis*; so on the other hand, he was not willing to give any advantage against the Apothecary.

This being the Truth of Fact, betrays the great Malice, Ignorance and Weakness, nay Madness of that Paper; which I further prove by this ensuing instance.

I sent a Bill to *Blackstone's* Shop, for some Doses of the same Powder, and instead of 4 s. per Ounce, they took at the rate of 12 s. per Ounce, several times, and told the Maid that fetch'd it, they did not use to sell it so cheap, but they let her have it so, in hopes to get her Mistress's Custom: Now the design of the Paper being to insinuate Extortion in the Doctors, let the world Judge where lies the Extortion.

I publish this for real Publick Good, to shew the Candour, Justice, and Civility of the two Physicians, and the Baseness, Folly, and horrid Extravagance of the Authors of that Paper, who (because Dr. *Morton* was just to his Patient, to prescribe a good Medicine, Dr. *Goodall* kind to let the Patient have it, and that with so much respect and kindness to the Apothecary,) reflects upon these worthy Persons for so doing; chiefly too, because a more rotten sort of Stuff, perhaps, would not do the feat; is a piece of Villany, to be punisht by the Civil Magistrate, and not by any further notice from the Doctors; who are too Great, Generous and Good, to bark against such little Curs; who, as their own Paper does conclude *Nothing, are Nothing, and fit for Nothing, Purely, Simply, (and if possible) less than Nothing.*